

P O E M.



C A N T O I.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
And save us from our Foes!
A woful Strife is now begun,
And like to end in Blows.

Betwixt our K-g and Patriots,
Who struggle to maintain,
Our Rights, our Liberties and Trade,
Against the Insults of *Spain*.

But G----n G----e, our chosen K-g,
To these he does prefer,
The safety, Riches, and the Peace,
Of his dear H----r.

For this he ingloriously deserts,
The Cause of Liberty,
Our Freedom and his Friends he sells
For a Neutrality.

This c----dly P----, once heicht *Hotspurs*,
Does tamely now look on,
Sees *England* Trade and *Austrian* Power,
By *Spain* and *France* undone:

Three

Three hundred thousand *E---sh* Pounds,
 Were granted chearfully,
 At 's own Desire, for to defend
 The Q—n of *H—y*;

Twelve thousand Foreign Forces rais'd,
 Her Interest to advance;
 Our Cause and *Europes* to preserve,
 Against the Views of *F—e*.

Two hundred Sail of Men of War,
 We've sporting on the *Main*,
 Whilst twice as many *Merchant-men*,
 Are carried into *S—n*.

Our Credits sunk, our *Money* spent,
 Our *Trades* is quite decayed;
 Our *Taxes* rise, our *Debts* increase,
 For *H---r* betrayed:

Well may we read our dreadful Sin,
 In our dire Punishment,
 A Foreign P—— we've brought! and sent
 Our own in *Bainishment*!

5 JY 62

C A N T O II.

The Remedy, &c.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1742.

Price 1 s.